

EXHIBIT 2

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THE POLITICIAN

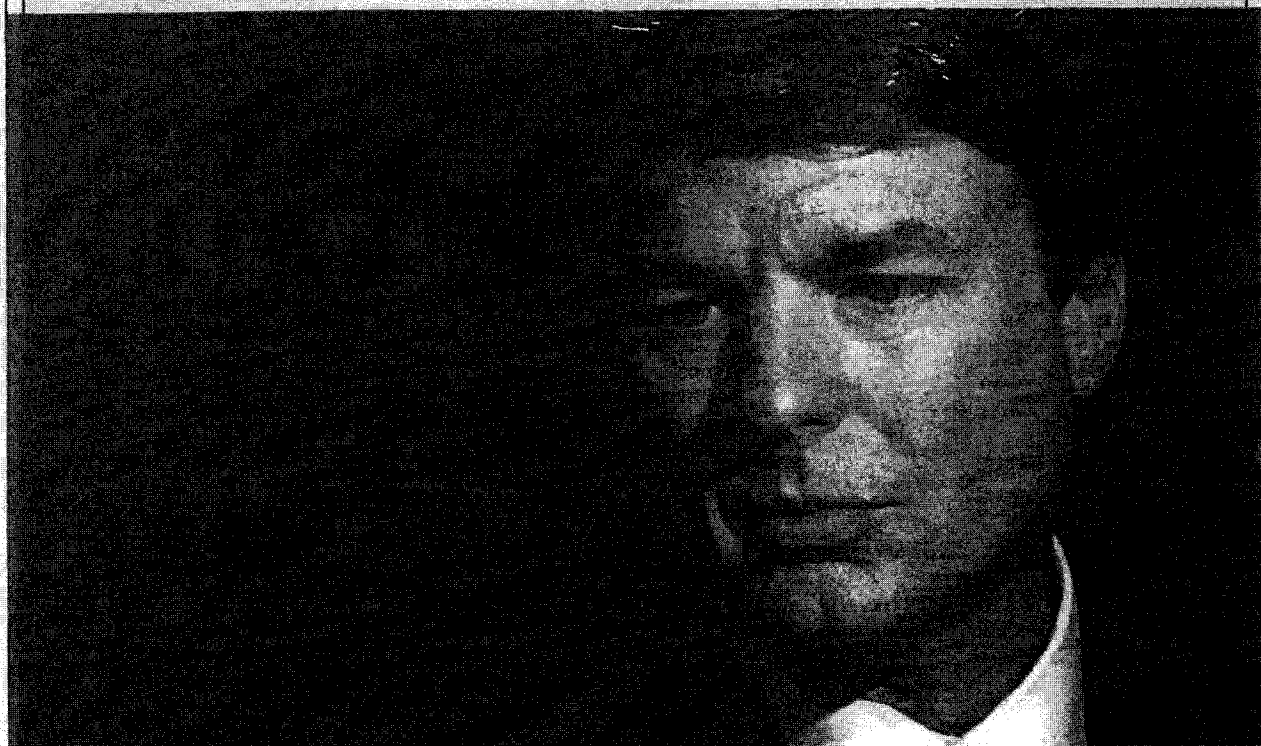
ANDREW YOUNG

THOMAS
DUNNE
BOOKS

ST. MARTIN'S
PRESS

**AN INSIDER'S ACCOUNT OF
JOHN EDWARDS'S PURSUIT OF THE
PRESIDENCY AND THE SCANDAL
THAT BROUGHT HIM DOWN**

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house, which was reserved for the new place. (He promised I would be repaid.)

I had already covered some of Rielle's expenses, and as a minor player in the macho games of scheming, high-powered men, I think a part of me would have felt proud to say I was rich enough to offer the senator this favor. But even as he asked me to use money that was, by rights, Cheri's as well as mine, the senator begged me to hide everything about Rielle from her. He asked this because he understood that what he was doing was shameful, and sensed that Cheri had never trusted him as I did. Of course, I couldn't do what he asked. I had already told Cheri everything. She was well aware of Rielle, and disapproved of the way the senator was putting his wife and children at risk. And now that Rielle was pregnant, this was obviously a long-term project and we didn't have the funds to support her lifestyle.

Once I was crossed off the list of potential donors, Edwards suggested David Kirby. The senator thought that Kirby owed him support because of all the big jury awards he had won for their firm, but Kirby did not agree. I suggested an appeal to Fred Baron, but the senator said, "Fred's got a big mouth, and he's too close to the Clintons." Finally we focused on Bunny Mellon, who had made it clear she would give Edwards money for extraneous expenses with no explanation required. Edwards called her, and "the Bunny money" began to flow. To make her feel rewarded for this aid, the senator stayed in touch by calling her from the road. In June, he called her from backstage in Manchester, New Hampshire, just prior to a nationally televised candidates debate. (On that same evening, I was attending a function at my kids' school—it was "Spanish Night"—and the senator called demanding I help him contact Rielle. Cell phone reception was poor at the school, so I had to leave the event to facilitate a three-way call.)

Bunny's checks, written for many hundreds of thousands of dollars, were made as payments to her decorator, Bryan Huffman, so that she wouldn't have to offer an explanation to the professionals who handled her accounts. These funds (and the money that came from Fred Baron later) were gifts, entirely proper, and not subject to campaign finance laws. She did not

RIELLE

know that the money was being used in part for Rielle. Bunny sent the checks to Bryan hidden in boxes of chocolate and with notes discussing her contributions to "the confederacy." Bryan sent them to me with notes of his own. One said, "A little table money," because the memo line indicated it was payment for an antique table. Another said, "For the rescue of America," which was how Bunny referred to the way she used her money on behalf of Democrats in general and John Edwards in particular. After I received each check, it was deposited in joint accounts I held with Cheri, to be used to keep Rielle happy and hidden from the media, Mrs. Edwards, and anyone who might divulge her existence. This was the arrangement the senator expected me to follow, so that he would have "plausible deniability."

In accepting the checks and responsibility for Rielle, I plunged myself, Cheri, and my kids into hot water. The temperature wasn't so high that it was uncomfortable, so we stayed in the pot. And like frogs that will remain submerged in a pot on a stove while an experimenter raises the temperature ever so slowly, we would stay in this situation far too long, enduring as each new demand increased the heat by a fraction of a degree. Unlike frogs, we would get out before it was too late. But looking back, I find it hard to believe that we didn't hop away on the day Rielle arrived at our house with photographers from the *National Enquirer* hot on her trail.

For months, Rielle had complained to me about how her boyfriend, now the father of her child, neglected her. She also talked to her "close friends," who she said would never betray her because of their "spiritual connections." One of these friends was *Newsweek* writer Jonathan Darman, who spoke with her on the phone from time to time and once had lunch with her. (She talked with him about having an affair with a very powerful man but wouldn't divulge his identity.) When I talked with her, Rielle requested my help with financial and emotional concerns and every once in a while threatened to go to the press and reveal the affair. Rielle was especially outraged on July 30 when the Edwardses marked their thirtieth anniversary by renewing their wedding vows and celebrating at Wendy's.